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STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	21156	Low Number	6235
Population Inside	428	Rothe Hall	229
Women's Quarters	12	Ranches	17
Misc. Trusties	5	Total Count	691

CONTENTS

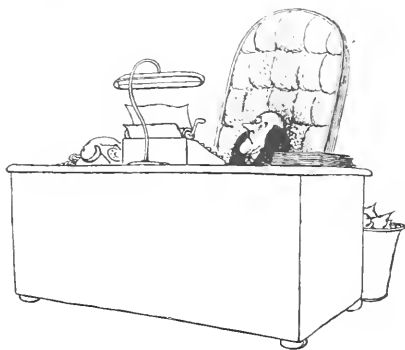
PAGE	TITLE	AUTHOR
1	Flag	
2	Contents & Stir-tis-tics	
3	The Editor's Desk	Z. Snow
7	Softball	W. Weinberger
12	Dilemma of the Prison Admin- istration	J. V. Bennett
16	Cartoon	Fletcher
17	The Greatest Gift	I. Gold - via National Enquirer
21	Chief Joseph, The Last Warrior	Z. Snow
30	The Gag Bag	
32	Donkey Baseball	W. Weinberger
34	Guest Editorial	Minneapolis Tribune
35	Mark of Death - Science Fiction	Karl Wagner
40	Rodeo Champs Visit MSP	M. Archambeau
42	Mess Hall Chatterings	Greasy
44	The Shadow	
45	The Montana Prison Story	J. Lucas
52	Subscription Page	

This months' cover:

Is an elaboration of C. M. Russell's ink sketch, The Scouts, and was done by Levi Campbell - our own indian-cowboy artist.

THE EDITOR'S DESK

J. Snow



Since the release of the 1963 Uniform Crime Report and the recent decisions rendered clarifying illegal search and seizure and awarding every man the right to legal council, no matter how indigent, the law has set up the hue and cry that they are being hampered by these new decisions and that prisons are too soft.

Like all statistics those in the U.S. Uniform Crime Report can be maneuvered to read what the statistician wishes them to say. That crime has risen is about the only indisputable fact that these reports can make.

Ben Brown of the Billings Gazette recently asked in a feature article if the LAWS (were) TOO SOFT ON CROOKS? By asking several police officers, a county attorney and an ex-F.B.I. officer, the conclusions he reached seemed to be that, yes, the laws were too soft on criminals. He did stress that these same officials had no "ready remedy for these problems" and that "They emphasized that their jobs of crime prevention and detection are meant to protect the same rights that sometimes hamper them." It upsets the county attorney that petitions should be received from inmates exercising their constitutional rights and requesting new trials. He wondered how long a man could serve on his sentence and still be able to try and change his plea. If he were abreast the latest decisions and the U.S. Constitution he would know that there is no statute of limitations on the suppression of constitutional rights.

Lets take a look at the rise in crime and the "soft treatment" being afforded prisoners.

Professor Oscar Handlin of Harvard University says "the high rates of intemperance, prostitution, pauperism, gambling, criminality and juvenile delinquency can not be

ascribed simply to external conditions. They are also the results of the destruction of old habits and of the shocking effects of new conditions." By some kind of monstrous garbling, crime becomes the social protest of the feckless, the inarticulate, the inadequate.

Even though there is much known about the cause of crime there is not a great deal known, by those who should know, what its remedy is. For several hundred years, the most common resort, because it is the easiest, has been to violent repression.

As Charles Dickens pointed out, pickpockets had a field day at the public executions of their fellow pickpockets. In 1698, the English Parliament decreed that thieves were to be branded, "burnt in the most visible part of the left cheek, nearest the nose, which punishment shall be inflicted in open court, in the presence of the judge." It was soon discovered that the punishment was not having the expected deterrence because it prevented the branded men from obtaining honest jobs, and consequently rendered them only more desperate thieves. The same can be said for long prison sentences and the accessibility of a man's past record. American prison sentences are already among the most severe in the world.

James V. Bennett, Federal Bureau of Prisons Director, said that, "If crime can be stopped by heavy penalties then the District of Columbia should have no burglaries or robberies." But in actuality there were 673.6 Burglaries per 100,000 of the Capitol's population, 175.4 cases of assault per 100,000 and 98.4 robberies per 100,000. The Capitol ranks 11th, 3rd and 10th in the nation in each instance and hands down the most severe sentences of any comparable city in the nation.

Judge David L. Bazelon, Chief of the Court of Appeals in Washington says that "the thought of prison deters only one type of crime: the white collar crime. People tempted to embezzle may not do so because they do not wish to go to jail. But it is unwise for middle-class, middle-aged lawyers and politicians to apply their own processes of thought to violently emotional and unhappy adolescents who possess no place in society. These youths have the unhappy characteristic of acting with no thought of the consequences, and deterrence has no relevance to them.

Since juvenile crime is currently the chief contributor to the overall national increase in crime, the point

bears emphasis.

Because most criminals are very young, and because the average criminal career, even for the most violent offenders, is only about 13 years, the country will diminish crime faster by attending to the places from which criminals come, rather than by attending the places to which they are sent.

As a member of the British Parliament, Sir Thomas Powell Buxton said 143 years ago during another time of rising crime: "We rest our hopes on the hangman; and in this vain and deceitful confidence in the ultimate punishment of crime, forget the very first of our duties -- its prevention."

(The preceding information is an almost verbatim record of an article by J. W. Anderson, Staff Reporter for the Washington Post.)

An Editorial from the Minneapolis Tribune suggests that "rather than simply demanding tougher action from the courts, these figures (those of the Uniform Crime Report) show the need for greater attention to the causes of crime and the problems of rehabilitation. Certainly unemployment, poverty and its consequent feeling of despair and a growing public disrespect for the law are important ripples in the crime wave.

A sign of this disrespect is that 11 out of every 100 police officers were victims of assault in 1963.

Answers to these problems will not come from longer prison terms or pot shots at the Supreme Court for guarding the constitutional rights of the accused. The solutions will come from an aroused public that preaches and practices law and order, that demands equal educational and job opportunities for all and that provides adequate law enforcement facilities to meet the criminal threat.

The public deserves protection from crime, but the job is not solely that of the police and courts."

Montana has begun to utilize the "soft treatment" by establishing a chapter of Toastmasters, a Jaycee chapter, a serious attempt at an educational program and allowing inmates to exercise their constitutional rights by using the law books in the school library every Saturday morning. For the first time rehabilitation is more than just a word. It has become a symbol of opportunity for all those who desire to reinstate themselves with the society they have been severed from.

In the past the disassociation of society with the prisoner caused prisoners and ex-convicts to hang together. (No pun intended.) Since they needed acceptance and they found it together, a separate society was formed. They had their own ethical codes, and returned the frowns of society with a vengeance. The underworld was never a place greatly beloved by those who inhabited it. With the education of the prisoner, the enforcement of his basic constitutional rights and at least a tolerance from society, the prisoner is beginning to find his way back. It is to be hoped that the extremes expressed by some unknowledgeable persons will not be cause for the reaffirmation of medievalism.

MICHIGAN CUTS CENSORSHIP

The policy was adopted for about half of the state's convicts after successful trials that started two years ago at the Michigan training unit at Ionia, Gus Harrison, state director of corrections, said.

It later was tried out at other penal institutions and finally was extended to them all last month. About 3,500 of the state's 8,487 prisoners can now write uncensored letters, Harrison estimates. Prisoners in the maximum security institutions... still must undergo censorship of their outgoing letters.

The primary benefit from the new policy is that censors are freed to perform other jobs, Harrison said. Two of the department's 10 mail censors have been reassigned as a guard and a clerk. Another two censor's jobs probably can be eliminated soon, Harrison said.

The new policy also enables mail to be delivered faster and increases morale among prisoners, he said.

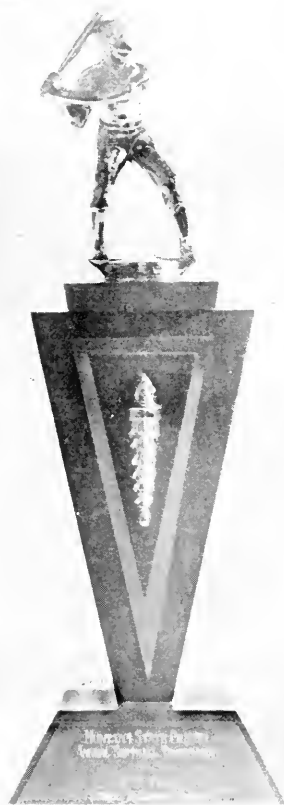
"If you don't have to look at other people's mail, you shouldn't," Harrison says. "The program also adds some dignity to the inmates as individuals by boosting their morale. Its reception has been good."

The custom of censoring out-going mail is an ancient one, Harrison said. It was intended to protect against escape plots being organized and to stifle prisoners who might be inclined to send menacing letters to those they don't like.

But Harrison said any prisoner wanting to do either of these wouldn't use the regular prison mail system. Instead they would reply on the "under ground mail."

Harrison permits the prisoners to send 10 letters free each month. Individual institutions may liberalize the number if they prefer. Money for the 10 free stamps a month comes from profits of prison stores.

Softball



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The institutional soft-ball teams finally broke into the winners column. The "A" team has played four games against free world teams. They won three and lost one. The "B" team dropped one and won two. The "B" team also took a win from Rothe Hall "B" making their record three wins and one loss.

"A" TEAM DUMPS HELENA

The MSP "A" team took revenge on the capitol city's league leading Main Tavern by beating them in a return engagement.

MSP took a 1-0 lead in the top of the second inning on Layne's home run. Helena tied the score after Boyles drew a walk, stole two bases, and came home on a single by Platts. Ralph Boehm put the inside ahead by clobbering a home run in the fourth. The inside scored seven runs in the sixth inning. Two of these runs came via Boehm's second homer of the game. Helena scored one run in the seventh to bring the final score to 9-2 in favor of the inside.

Vern Hoffhine was winning pitcher. Walrath was charged with the loss after leaving the game in the sixth inning for relief pitcher Martin.

DEER LODGE NIPS INSIDE "B"

The Deer Lodge soft-ball team beat the "B" team again in an extra inning game - score 8-6.

The inside cracked the scoring column first by scoring a run in the first inning. Deer Lodge scored three runs in the third and were never behind from that point forward. The inside threatened to score in the bottom of the ninth with two on, one out. Wellman was called out for leading off for the second out. Doyle (pinch hitting for Weinberger) hit a fly to center field for the third out. Final Score 8-6.

Starr Griffin was charged with the loss after giving way to Wellman who came on relief in the fifth inning.

INSIDE "A" CLOBBERS DEER LODGE

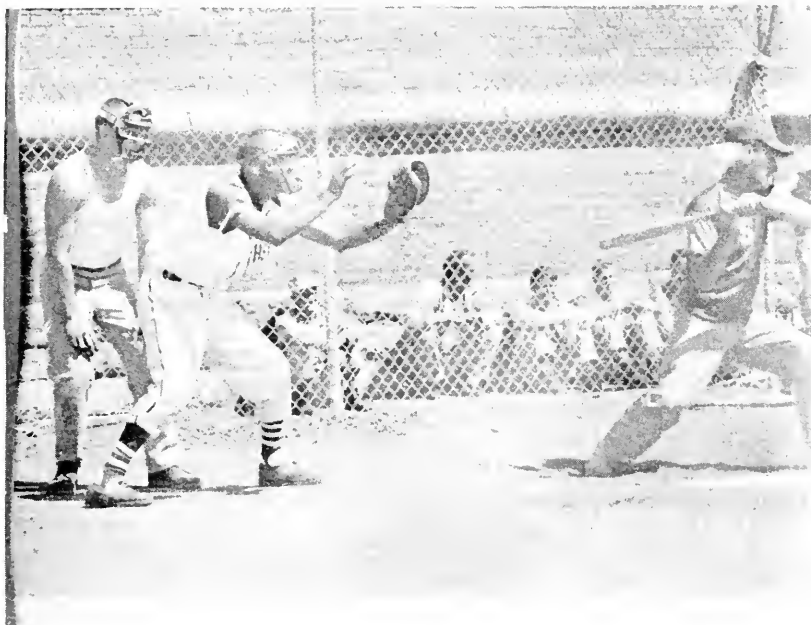
The "A" team clobbered the Deer Lodge nine by downing them 13-4. Nearly every player on the MSP team scored a run.

Wilson was the big run getter, he scored three; Wellman, Lerg, Hoffman and Hoffhine each scored two; Nicholson and Layne contributed one run each. Only Boehm and Cardinal failed to score. Deer Lodge scored a run in the fourth, one in the fifth and two in the seventh to close out the scoring.

Vern Hoffhine the winner - Johnson the loser.

Final score 13-4.





INSIDE "B" SLAUGHTERS ROTHE HALL "B"

The inside "B" slaughtered RH "B" by a score of 17-1.

Casey allowed only five hits and had a shut-out going until the fifth. "Mutt" Calf Looking scored RH's lone run in the fifth. He singled, stole second, went to third on a single by Fox and came home on a wild pitch to Morin.

Casey was winning pitcher for the inside - Roth was charged with the loss after coming in to relieve Sy Jones in the third.

MISSOULA SQUEAKS PAST MSP

On July 12th the Missoula soft-ball team barely edged out the inside "A" team in an 11 inning thriller.

MSP drew first blood by scoring three runs in the first inning on Herm Cardinal's homer. Morgan scored one for Missoula in the first. Dorsey put a run across in the second. The inside scored two in the third while Missoula scored three on a homer by Johns to tie the score.

Missoula took a one run lead in the fourth inning. Herm Cardinal stepped up to the plate in the top of the fifth and belted his second home run of the game to tie the score 6-6.



The inside pushed a run across in the eighth to take the lead. With two gone in the bottom of the eighth it seemed to be all over for Missoula. Then Rivera stepped up to the plate and slapped a clean hit for a double to drive in the tying run. Rivera was tagged out trying to stretch his double into a triple to end the inning.

Both sides failed to score till the bottom of the eleventh. In the eleventh, Rivera singled, went to second on a throwing error and came home with the winning run on a single by Morgan.

Vern Hoffhine went the route for the inside and was the loser.

Barber was winning pitcher for Missoula.

"B" TEAM CLOBBERS TOWNSEND

The "B" team of MSP chalked up a second win in as many days as they downed the Townsend team 13-3.

Both sides scored one run in the second inning. MSP's nine came on strong in the 4th to score 6 to Townsend's 1. Score then was 7-2. The inside pushed 4 more runs across in the fifth while holding Townsend to 1. In the 6th the inside scored two more runs to close out the scoring. Final score 13-3.

Casey was winning pitcher.

MSP EDGES PAST GALEN NINE IN TEN

Galen opened the scoring with three runs in the first inning. The inside scored un-earned runs in the second and third innings. Galen scored two more in the fourth to take a 5-2 lead. Then the Galen team sort of fell apart. The inside came back to score four more un-earned runs and took the lead 6-5. Galen scored one in the seventh to tie the score and it stayed that way till the bottom of the tenth when Wellman singled home the only earned run for MSP. It won the ball game 7-6.

Vern Hoffhine was winner - Zeier was loser.

MSP COPS DOUBLE-HEADER FROM TWIN-PAKS

On Sunday July 19th the institutional teams copped a double-header from the Twin-Paks of Helena.

The "A" team won by a score of 6-1. Helena's single tally came on a home run. Casey was winner - Bates was loser.

In the second half of the double header, the "B" team had to come from behind to win. The Helena team hit the scoring column with five runs in the first inning, two in the second. They held the inside to three runs in the second to take a 7-3 lead. MSP scored three in the fourth making the score 7-6. In the 6th, MSP broke loose with five big runs to take the lead. Helena scored one in the seventh to make the final score MSP 11, Helena 8.

Vern Hoffhine went the distance as winning pitcher. The loss was charged to Martinez - he left the game in the 6th for relief pitcher Bates.

The prison teams have improved their records. The inside "A" team has won 4, lost 7. The "B" team now stands at 3 and 4.

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RECORDS NO MORE

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via Stateville Time

Ex-convicts in Michigan may have their criminal convictions annulled if they finish out their sentences or paroles satisfactorily, said an AP release quoted in Weekly Progress. A bill before the Michigan legislature provides that ex-convicts whose records have been annulled shall be treated in all respects as persons who have never violated the law.

Dilemma

he Prison Administration



by James L. Smith, Dir.
U. S. Bureau of Prisons

...DILEMMA OF THE PRISON ADMINISTRATION...

A prison administrator is repeatedly reminded how widely our citizens disagree as to the fundamental purposes of a prison. There are those who accuse him of running country clubs, coddling prisoners, and otherwise removing the sting from the punishment meted out to those miscreants who at great expense have been caught and convicted.

On the other hand, there are the armchair psychologists and amateur criminologists who tell administrators that the total effect of a prison is to brutalize those persons unfortunate enough to land in one. They say only the ignorant and untalented would work in a prison, and that behind its walls, brutality, apathy, and worse are rampant.

Both charges may be made although the person making them may never have set foot inside a prison. In my 30 years with the Bureau of Prisons, I have learned that a prison administrator does not lack for suggestions on how to run his prison.

Actually, as far as many American prisons are concerned, both viewpoints are wrong. The day when brutality was common has long since gone, and the inherent nature of a prison prevents it from becoming a country club.

Make no mistake about it, a prison sentence is tough medicine. It imposes a stigma that will linger with the offender long after he has served his time. It takes a man away from his loved ones for, what is now becoming, a longer and longer period. It confines him to a few acres of land during that time. Inevitably, it enforces monotonously regular hours upon him. It clothes him in a cheap uniform lacking in sartorial elegance. And it deprives him of any normal sexual outlet. For the most part, the latter is a more refined torture than the most cruel of corporal punishment.

During the 30 years of my association with prison work I have known of only two men who wanted to be in prison. One was an old man, 83 years old, friendless, arthritic and crippled, who had been in prison so long that he had lost all contact with friends and relatives. Another was a middle aged man, a mental incompetent, who was so homesick for the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners where he had served two previous sentences that he arranged his re-commitment to that institution by the desperate expedient of sending a crude bomb through the mail to a Bureau of Prisons official.

The prison administrator walks the tightrope between softness and harshness by making a prison purposeful and by providing a program of useful and constructive work. He can do this only if he can keep the numerical population of the prison within manageable limits and he is not frustrated by short sighted laws. The prisoner is there to learn the moral values of society and the skill to make him a productive citizen. His mere presence in the prison is punishment enough, the regime has a higher purpose of salvaging his social usefulness.

The relative hardships of a prison, which would otherwise become inhuman, are lightened to some extent when the prisoner is accorded such privileges as correspondence and visits with his family, weekly movies, and a

recreation program. Religious instruction is made available, and as attractive as possible, so that those inner changes so essential to true reform actually occur. To appeal to his legitimate aspirations and talents, there are the talent, and educational and vocational training programs, the prison newspaper, human relations groups, and modestly paid jobs and productive work are furnished in order to give the prisoner a basis for self respect, without which prison rehabilitation would flounder.

It is not coddling to make a socialized human being out of a criminal when a deliberately punitive program would have a vastly destructive effect on the public welfare. With the exception of the three or four hundred who die in prison, the rest all come out someday. They come right back into the community, and it is to make this day filled with hope, not hate, that the prison program should point.

The recognition of this principle does not solve the prison administrator's dilemma. The society whom he serves, or at least the representatives of that society, do not yet give full support to that principle.

I read in the newspaper the other day that a judge had given a tax accountant a term of 31 years and 31 days on a tax fraud charge. As I read this item, I wondered how the judge expected us to help this man when he reached our institutions. His crime, as crimes go in this country, does not warrant a punishment which exceeds that usually given an armed bank robber. He is educated and has employable skills. He raised a family and kept out of trouble most of his life, his offense apparently stemmed from a temporary lapse in his sense of values.

How, I asked myself, can we be expected to keep hope, drive and ambition alive in this prisoner over the long years of his imprisonment? How can we prevent him from hating and attempting to get even with a society that permits that sort of thing.

Not long ago we had to release a prisoner who had received a term of 98 days for bank robbery and he is now on probation. When he left us he was about as unskilled, emotionally unstable and lacking in social values as when he entered. I sincerely hope that he manages to keep out of trouble, but if he fails--the whole machinery of justice will stand indicted for his failure. As for the prison warden who released this man, I know that

he has already experienced a deep sense of frustration. The youngster might have been straightened out more enduringly before he was exposed to further serious temptation. Whether the judges leniency has truly served for the welfare of, both the youngster and society, remains to be seen.

The warden does his best to deal with the problems the individual prisoner poses, even with the limitations of such capricious sentences. But in the meantime he must tend to his knitting. He has a plant worth many millions of dollars to run. He has to find housing and work for the prisoners who crowd in on him from the various courts. He has to run a large prison industry and, perhaps an agriculture program that would rank among the largest in Iowa or Kansas. And he must be quick to answer the telephone—it might be a disturbance, an escape, anything!

He really cannot solve his dilemma. Society must do it for him. Society must decide what kind of individual it wants to come out of prison; an unreconstructed rebel ready to rob another bank, or a trained mechanic who can handle a job in a garage. There is obviously, but one choice...

WOMEN INMATES IN MOTHER ROLES!

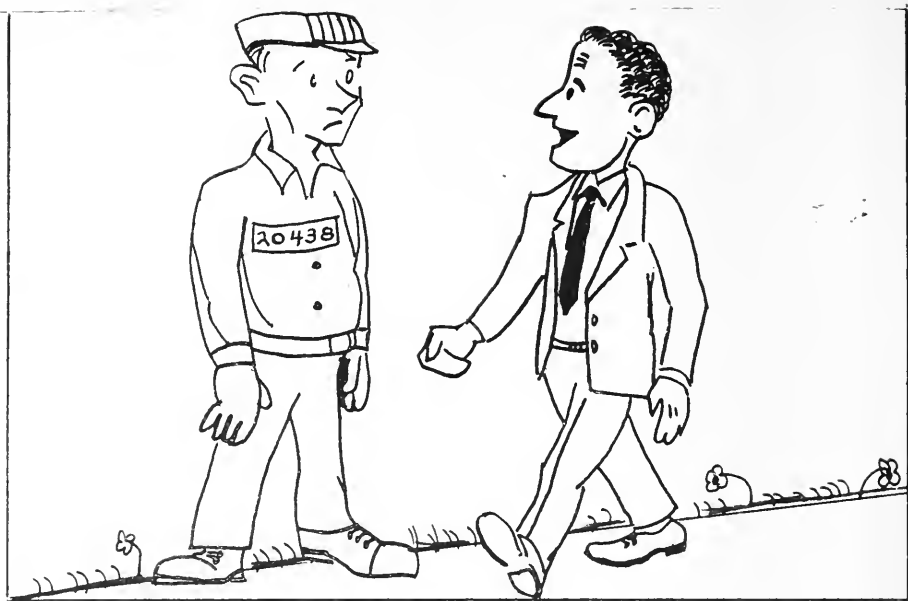
via the Mentor

Twelve years ago, the State of Minnesota found itself in a bit of a dilemma. The facilities for housing retarded children were overcrowded and a solution had to be found quickly. Fortunately, someone in authority had an idea and they presented it to the then superintendent of Shakopee, Minnesota's State Reformatory for Women. Shakopee, being without walls, fences, cells or "uniforms" presented a campus like appearance and had room to spare. Would it be possible to convert one of the cottages into a home for mentally retarded girls?

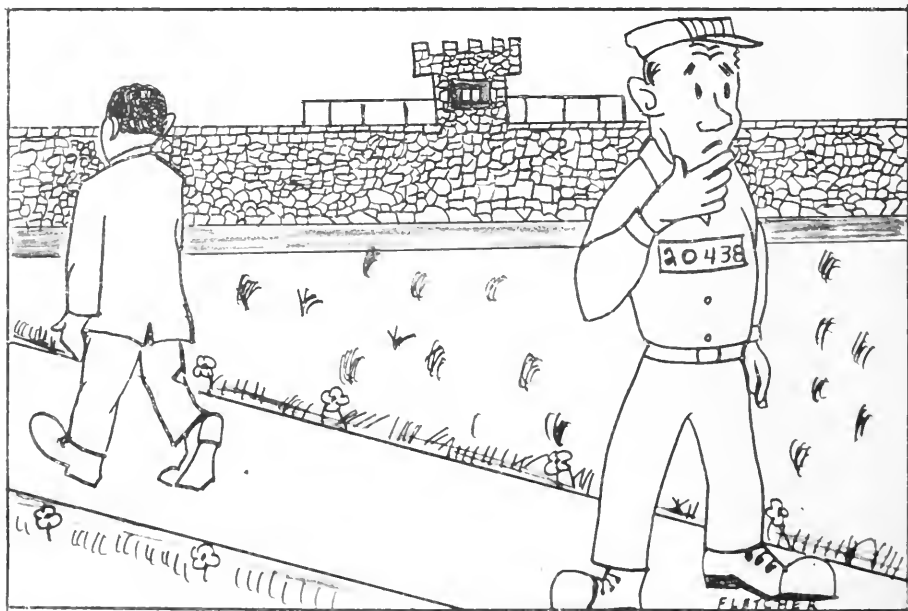
"It didn't seem an unsuitable place for children," stated Ruby C. Benson, present Superintendent.

"We had thirty five handicapped children who could not help themselves and, a few yards away, women who needed to satisfy their normal maternal instincts. The idea of letting the women care for the children was new alright - but it seemed logical. We've never been sorry."

From the time of its inception, the program has been completely successful.



"Good Morning!"



"I wonder what he meant by that?"

The Greatest Gift

via National Enquirer



CRIPPLED: Sandra Goldstein hopes that she'll walk again like a normal girl.

By **IRVING GOLD**

Pretty 19-year old Sandra Goldstein never knew the fun of teenage dates and dances - because she has hobbled around on a withered right leg since she was a child.

But Sandra will soon walk without crutches - thanks to a murderer and a robber.

Two convicts at Ohio Penitentiary went through painful operations and gave strips of shinbones to make her leg stronger and longer.

And they did it with no promise of reward - other than a helpless girl's thanks.

Sandra has been longing to walk like other girls since she was 7, when her leg was stunted by polio.

She recovered from the disease, but her right leg didn't grow along with the left. Eventually it was 3 inches shorter.

Desperate to give their daughter a normal life, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goldstein asked medical specialists to study her case.

The doctors conducted dozens of tests. Finally they told Sandra and her heartbroken parents that there was a slim chance she would walk again without a limp.

They said she'd have to face a series of painful operations.

There were six delicate operations in all. Diseased parts of her bones were cut away and a pin was inserted in her leg to make it longer.

Finally, Sandra got on her feet again.

The girl was overjoyed - but her happiness didn't last long. She was walking home from school one day in Columbus, Ohio, when her leg collapsed.

Examination showed that the pin in her leg had slipped out of place because her frail bones were too weak to hold it.

The doctors decided there was one chance left. Sandra, they said, needed healthy bone put into her leg to make it strong enough to hold the pin.

They suggested getting the bone from volunteers at the nearby Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus.

Warden Ernie Maxwell agreed to ask for two bone donors among the inmates.

An appeal appeared in the prison paper.

The article described the operation, promised no rewards and warned volunteers that they would need 9 months to recover and would have a foot long scar on their legs for life.

Only a day after the appeal, more than 250 prisoners had volunteered.

The warden picked Melvin Schrader, a 21-year-old murderer doing life, and Leroy Smedley, 23, who's serving 10 to 25 years for armed robbery.

They were taken to the prison hospital and last December 18th doctors cut open their right legs. Strips of bone 10 inches long and nearly an inch wide were sliced out.

The bones were put in a special liquid to preserve them while Sandra was readied for her operation in a hospital across town.



DONORS: Melvin Schrader (left) and Leroy Smedley, inmates at Ohio Penitentiary, gave healthy bone from their right legs so that Sandra might walk again.

Last December 23, the bones were grafted into Sandra's weak leg.

Doctors said the operation was a success and told Sandra she would again walk like a normal girl, although she will be in a cast until May or June.

Overjoyed, she immediately wrote letters to Schrader and Smedley, telling them the good news.

She added: "All my life I've felt there was basic goodness in all people.

"But it still seems like a miracle that two people I've never met could be so kind and unselfish to give me a part of themselves.

"I want you to know you have given me the greatest gift in the world - a whole new life - and a chance to marry someday, instead of remaining a lonely cripple for the remainder of my life."

Smedley, who has been behind bars for nearly four years for a \$90 stickup, said:

"I don't remember being as happy as this since I was a little kid."

Schrader, who beat a man to death with a hammer less than two years ago, said:

"I don't have much of a life to look forward to here in the prison."

"But I know one thing - I'll always wear the scar on my leg with pride."

- - - -

POINT TO PONDER

"Of utmost importance to a man in prison is his family. If he can keep his family intact (statistics show that many wives do wait), if he can regain their confidence and trust, then half the battle in preparing for his return to society is won."

---via the Stockade

-O-

WARDEN AIMS AT JUDGES

Warden Randolph, of Menard Prison, pointed an accusing finger at Criminal Court Judges when he spoke at Lewistown, Illinois.

"Judges must shoulder part of the blame, when prisoners are released without being rehabilitated." He also stated that, "If judges are sending men to prisons, it might be best if they knew the place."

--via the Reformatory Pillar

-O-

THE PRICE OF SALT

"However you view it, prison is tough medicine and appropriate only for those who require tough medicine."

"Another thing judges should keep in mind are the limitations of the institution to which they send an offender. The general availability of psychiatric services in prison has been greatly exaggerated."

---James V. Bennett, Director
Fed. Bureau of Prisons

Chief Joseph



The Last Warrior

by J. Snow

Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht, was born in about 1840 in the Wallowa Valley in Oregon, and was to become the most renowned Nez Perce Indian in history. General Miles called him the Indian Napoleon.

The Nez Perce were a tribe that had never waged war on the whitemen. From their very first meeting with them they had been friendly and cooperative. They provided Lewis and Clark with horses, boats and cared for their extra supplies while the expedition made the trek to the Pacific. They were honest, helpful and friendly to the white settlers in their homeland.

In 1863 the Nez Perce of Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht's father's tribe refused to sign a treaty selling the Wallowa valley to the whitemen and accepting land on the Lapwai Reservation. Settlers moved into the Wallowa and Imnaha valleys. Trouble began to grow between the two when the settlers began fencing off the land and the Nez Perce began to grow more and more pressed for forage ground for their large herds of cattle and horses.

Tawet Tu-eka-kas, Joseph as he was baptised by the whitemen, had long practiced brotherhood and tolerance with them. Young Joseph planned to do the same. After many depredations at the hands of the settlers Joseph who had taken command of the tribe upon his father's death in 1872, contacted the Indian Commissioners and asked that they put a halt to thefts, murders and rapes being committed by the white settlers. Joseph was told they would handle the culprits and that equal justice would be handed out to white and indian alike. But this was never to be. Only the indians suffered.

In the fall of 1873, the Land of the Winding Waters, as Joseph's homeland was known to the Nez Perce, was taken away from them by U. S. Grant. In June of the same year Grant had signed the following order:

"Executive Mansion, June 16, 1873

"It is hereby ordered that the tract of country described be withheld from entry and settlement as public lands, and that the same be set apart as a reservation for the roaming Nez Perce, as recommended by the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

U. S. Grant"

(Orders of this sort are seldom rescinded. When this one was, it came as a shock not only to the Nez Perce but to many of their white friends as well.)

For several years the Indians refused to leave their homeland. In 1877 General Oliver Otis Howard gave the order that all non-treaty Nez Perce were to meet in council with him at Fort Walla Walla. There he told them they had thirty days in which to enter the reservation. In the meantime Howard had sent troops to the Wallowa and Imnaha valleys to keep the whites and indians under control until Joseph could get his people to Lapwai.

On the morning of June 14th Wal-lait-its, a young brave who's father had been killed by a whiteman, rode with two other young braves to avenge his father. On June 19th the body of Richard Divine, who had killed Wal-lait-its father, Eagle Blanket, was found. On the morning of the 14th, Henry Elfers, Robert Brand and Henry Beckrage were killed. Others were wounded. The Nez Perce War had begun.

Joseph, who had been in the process of moving his tribe to the Lapwai reservation, was stunned. He had not wanted war with the whites. Joseph was well aware of the superior equipment and greater numbers of the white people.

Joseph's comment later was, "I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of the white people by my people. I blame my young men and I blame the white men. I blame General Howard for not giving my people time to get their stock away from Wallowa. I do not acknowledge that he had the right to order me to leave Wallowa at any time. It may never again be our home, but it is still our land. My father sleeps there and I love it as I love my mother. I left there hoping to avoid bloodshed."

As Chester Anders Fee said in his book CHIEF JOSEPH, "The murders committed by the Nez Perce were no doubt atrocious. But the bill of accounting still read: whites killed by Nez Perce, eleven; Nez Perce killed by white men, thirty-three; white women violated by Nez Perce, three; Nez Perce women violated by whitemen, plenty."

Joseph's decision now was to lead his tribe to Canada where he hoped he and his people could live in peace as Sitting Bull had done shortly after his encounter with Custer.

They began their trek east knowing that Howard and his troops would soon be on their heels. Joseph was for the first time to prove his great abilities as a leader, tactician and warrior.

The first real encounter with the whites was in White Bird Canyon in Idaho. Joseph said, "They (the Army) didn't think the Nez Perce would stand up against the troops." Joseph with inferior weapons, no knowledge of warfare, with a large contingent of women and children to protect and in a vulnerable position almost wiped out Parnell and Perry's F & H troops and the eleven volun-

teers they had with them. Of the two companies and the volunteer attachment, 22 returned to Grangeville and some of those were mortally wounded.

The battle on White Bird Creek was called a massacre. General Howard began to take this uprising more seriously and called troops from Forts Walla Walla, Vancouver, Stevens, Canby, Townsend, Klamath, Harney, Wallula and volunteers from Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana. Joseph, with about 650 men, women and children, would face almost 2,300 battle seasoned troops in the next four months. The uprising had become a war.

Joseph and his tribe were harassed along their route through Idaho, over the Lolo pass and south along the Bitterroot Mountains. They held up well and for the first time Indians were known to entrench and throw up stone breastworks. Their tactics were most effective and they gave much more than they received. Their marksmanship was so effective that the U.S. Army would institute rifle ranges for the individual training of its troops.

Joseph and his people arrived at what is now known as the Big Hole Battlefield on August 7th. Joseph had somehow gotten the impression that the whites in Montana were not at war with him. He thought he need only worry about Howard. This was not his first mistake. Nor was it to be his last. It was his most costly.

General Gibson from Fort Shaw had surrounded the Indian encampment during the night. At the first light of day his troops began firing. Warriors, women and children were killed indiscriminately. One of the most ignoble deeds in the history of the U. S. Army took place that summer morning as thirty-three warriors were killed and fifty-three women and children. Joseph said later, "The Nez Perce never make war on women and children; we could have killed a great many women and children while the war lasted, but we would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act."

The battle was not completely one sided, however. Even though surprised, out numbered and out gunned, Joseph's warriors rallied, attacked and according to C. A. Fee in his account of the battle, "Gibbon's loss was greater in proportion to the number he led into battle than the Light Brigade's in its charge at Balaklava. The tally for Gibbon's men stood at thirty-three dead, forty wounded, many of them fatally."

On August 10th Joseph and his people were again on the move. Joseph, who would have prolonged the battle to a disaster like the Little Big Horn, received word that Howard was at Corvallis and moving south rapidly.

South along the Montana border, back across the Continental Divide into Idaho, west into Wyoming and north through Montana towards the Canadian border Joseph led his people. Although there were frequent skirmishes there was no decisive action until Colonel Miles caught up with Joseph in the Bear Paw Mountains. This, Joseph's seventeenth encounter with the enemy, would be his last. Later Joseph said, "I was ready to move on and seek out a permanent camp, when, one morning Colonel Miles and his soldiers came in sight and stampeded our horses and I knew I had made a mistake by not crossing into the country of the Red Coats; also in not keeping the country scouted in my rear." The Nez Perce were thirty miles from the Canadian Border.

It was September 30th. It was snowing, cold, and the wind was blowing up snow flurries. Joseph sacrificed sixty of his warriors, at the onset, to lead the women and children to safety. He did not want a repeat performance of the Big Hole.

As the attack began 125 Nez Perce sat and waited for the 383 "bluecoats" and their numerous scouts and Indian guides. Fifty-three of the attacking troops dropped dead or wounded in the first charge. Only one officer of the 7th Cavalry was left standing after that first charge.

By nightfall, with the snow a half a foot deep, the indians were surrounded. Joseph sent word to Sitting Bull in Canada for help. Sitting Bull's 2,000 warriors were only eighty miles to the north.

The following morning Colonel Miles offered Joseph a safe passage under a flag of truce. Joseph, once in Miles' encampment, was held hostage. Only with the seizure of one of Miles' officers, by the Nez Perce, was he allowed to return to his people.

The battle raged on. Miles brought forward a 12 pound cannon. A four pound howitzer had earlier been used. It was fortunate for the Nez Perce that Miles had only carried 16 rounds for the big gun for it did more damage than all the previous attacks and firing combined.

By the 5th of October the Nez Perce were reduced to eating their horses raw. Their firewood was gone and

"Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is si

From where the sun now stands I

no more."

Chief Joseph



and sad.

all fight



John B. Moore

their provisions destroyed. Joseph had this to say about that time: "On the morning of the fourth day, General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. General Miles said to me, 'If you will come out and give up your arms I will spare your lives and send you back to the reservation.'"

"I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. I believed General Miles or I would never have surrendered. I have heard that he has been censured for making the promise to return us to Lapwai. I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance, and then neither the generals nor the soldiers would have left the Bear Paw Mountains alive. On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun...My people needed rest--we wanted peace."

In surrendering his arms and people to Howard and Miles Joseph made what has become one of the most widely known speeches in the history of Indian warfare. Standing tall and dignified, looking the part of the great leader he was, Joseph said in Nez Perce, (the only language he is ever known to have spoken), "Tell General Howard that I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead, Tu-hul-hil-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who now say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people--some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food. No one knows where they are--perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more, forever."

Joseph and his tribe were not returned to Lapwai as Miles promised them. Instead General Sherman had them taken to Bismark, North Dakota and thence to Oklahoma. For seven years the tribe remained there and threatened to become extinct. Even though seventy more had been added to their numbers after being placed on the reservation in Oklahoma their number dwindled from 488 to 322 in 1882. Neither the climate, nor the terrain agreed with them. Joseph said they were pining for their homeland.

In the spring of 1885 Joseph and his band were taken to Nespelem, Washington. As L.V. McWhorter pointed out in his history of the Nez Perce, HEAR MY, MY CHIEFS, the really great irony of it all was that Joseph, recognized by the whites as one of the great generals in American history, is not so honored by his own people. The Nez Perce, a very individualistic people, believe that equal credit goes to Looking Glass, Alokut and White Bird. To this day they do not realize that although these men were fine leaders, they had neither the intelligence nor the wisdom that was Josephs. Tactics that Joseph used are still taught at West Point.

On that 1800 mile battlefield, 307 whites were killed or wounded and 239 men, women and children of the Nez Perce.

In 1904 Joseph died. Even in death he was not to be returned to his beloved "Land of Winding Waters." He was buried with all the pomp and ceremony he so thoroughly enjoyed and of which he was so deserving on the Colville Reservation in Washington.

PROGRESSIVE PENOLOGY AT MINNESOTA

Minnesota is paroling all prisoners earlier under a new plan. Department Supervisors in the penitentiary will now recommend a man when, in their opinion, he is ready for an early parole.

A member of the Minnesota Parole Board is quoted as saying: "There are no objective scales for telling when a man is ready for parole, but we are justified in risking premature release of the prisoners. If a man is ready for parole now, NOW is the time to release him, not a year from now. It may be too late then and the blame will be on our shoulders."

PENNSYLVANIA ON PAROLE

Pennsylvania has joined the ever growing list of states to adopt Wisconsin's "Huber (day parole) plan." Governor Scranton recently signed into law, a bill enacted by the Pennsylvania Legislature, allowing certain types of jail prisoners to be released on day-parole. These prisoners will be allowed to continue working at their regular employment during working hours. Provision has also been made for other prisoners to attend school.

Financial support for their families and board and lodging at the jail is deducted from the wages earned by the prisoners.

- via the Penal Press

the GAG BAG



When a fellow piano tuner was ill, I took over his assignment of tuning a piano in a girls' boardinghouse. While I was at work, several of the girls strolled casually through the room in various states of undress. The climax came when a young lady in startling deshabelle appeared to pay the bill. As I was writing the receipt, she suddenly gave me a bewildered look, then fled, screaming, "That's not our regular man!"

Their regular tuner is blind.

Sheriff addressing a TV audience in a Montana town: " I will wipe out prostitution if I have to tie up all my men to do it.

"You know dear", said the man "when I shave in the morning I feel I am ten years younger."

His wife looked at him and said, very quietly, "Why don't you try shaving at night?"

"Lennie", the father told his son, "You're a pig. Now do you know what a pig is?"

"Sure," said Lennie, "A pig is a hogs little boy."

The meanest man in the world is the warden who put a tack on the electric chair.

A fellow found himself in court getting three years, and after kissing his girl goodbye was shipped off to our Stonewall Manor. A few months passed without word from his girl, then a postcard arrived. It told the whole story:

"COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU SO I HAVE MARRIED YOUR FATHER.
LOVE, MOTHER."

Governor Faubus of Arkansas arrived at the pearly Gates and knocked on the door. A voice from within said "Who Dat?"

His excellence turned very pale, and hurrying away, replied, "Skip it."

The members of a hunting party had been specifically requested to bring only male hounds. One individual however, owned only a female and out of courtesy was permitted to bring it.

When the hunt was started the pack was off in a flash and in a matter of minutes was over the hill and away.

The confused hunters later stopped to question a farmer. "Did you see any hounds go by here?" he was asked.

"Yep," he said.

"See where they went?"

"Nope," he replied, "But it was the first time I ever seen a fox running sixth."

Herman Pelke, browsing in a pet shop, was approached by an attractive young clerk who asked if she could assist him.

"Well," said Herman, "I'm thinking of getting a pet for a friend of mine named Frank Knight. He is a semi-invalid; can't get out of the house. Man of about 60; very wealthy; nice chap. He has no relatives--so the idea of a pet came to me.

The girl considered, then brightening, said, "I think I have just the thing!" "He!"

Mrs. Tiddle's turn to entertain the Women's Club was a great occasion for her. She served the best, and played the gracious hostess to perfection. At nine o'clock, after dinner, the girls were playing cards, and the patter of little feet was heard above, at the head of the stairs, Mrs. Tiddle laid down her hand and arose.

"Shh," she announced with pride, the children are going to say goodnight to everyone."

There was a long silence. Then a small voice spoke up clearly; "Mamma, Billy found a bedbug."

Donkey Baseball



W. Weinberger
SPORTSWRITER

The afternoon of July 20th Montana State Prison was again the scene for a hilarious sport called donkey baseball.

Two teams were chosen to start the game. Once the game was in progress substitutions were made at random.

The rules for this game were pretty much the same as those for softball - with a few minor exceptions: There was no such thing as a ball and no one on either team could strike out. If a batter accumulated three strikes, he was handed a scoop shovel.

The batter had to hit the ball while standing. Upon hitting the ball the batter then had to mount his donkey and ride it to first base. Once he got within ten feet of first base he could dismount and drag, pull, push or carry the donkey to the base. The donkeys seemed to want to go every where but first base.



It was apparent there was no Casey Tibbs in our midst. The large majority of the players spent more time on their own backs than they did on those of the donkeys. The donkeys bucked, stopped, turned and ran all over the field.



A lot of laughter and shouting was heard from the sidelines. The spectators seemed to enjoy it as much as the participants.

Everyone seemed to have fun and it turned out to be a very entertaining afternoon.

We wish to thank the Deer Lodge Jaycees for bringing the game called donkey baseball once again to MSP.

Guest Editorial

FAIRNESS IN COURT DECISIONS(Minneapolis Tribune)

The charge is frequent these days that recent court decisions have left policemen and prosecutors with one arm tied behind their backs.

More baggage for this train of thought is provided by the release of Cleveland's Dr. Sam Sheppard, whose state trial of 10 years ago was called by a federal judge a "mockery of justice." Such reversals after so many years dull the chance for a new conviction because evidence grows dim and because a new jury might believe that, guilty or not, the suspect has paid his penalty.

The sore spot, however, is not the sensational cases alone. Equally vexing to some are the thousands of appeals that are pending or likely on the basis of recent court decisions that demand fairness in police and court procedures.

These decisions, say their opponents, have deprived the police of tools they need to do their job and have turned the thief and racketeer into noblemen. But this view is wrong. What the higher courts are demanding is closer attention to the unquestionable rule that a suspect is presumed innocent until proved guilty by competent evidence in a fair trial.

This principle cannot be upheld by tools that take advantage of the individual, and effective investigation and prosecution can be had without them. While police have no power to compel answers from anyone, for example, a sense of public duty usually provides them with information.

Rather than being looked upon as an encouragement of crime, the increasingly clear rules of fairness should be taken as a guide for better police and court work. If anything more is needed, it is improved judicial procedures that provide a quicker and final review of a prisoners state and federal rights.

WORLD of DEATH



by Karl Wagner

There it stood, six inches above the level of the floor. It towered eight feet in the air and was some six feet wide. Cables thick as a man's wrist were plugged into a panel at one end. Along the wall were a row of dynamos, transformers, solar batteries, switchboards and other electrical apparatus. But the "Screen" was what became noticeable first, with it's rows of gleaming copper and silver rods.

Professor Agate looked at his brainchild with admiration, yet with a slight twinge of fear. As one of the most prominent and well known scientists of the world, John Agate had devoted his very life to scientific re-

search for the betterment of mankind. For the past score of years, he had worked feverishly to develop what he lovingly called the "Screen". The professor was old in years and tired. This would be his last great work, his crowning achievement.

His assistant, Ron McQueen, had no idea what the Screen was for, he was employed by the professor to assist him in the setting up and assembly of the weird electronic devices attached to the Screen. In the large safety vault, the professor kept records, wiring diagrams, blueprints, and charts, but these were to be examined only in the event of the professor's death...

Professor Agate never allowed anyone to witness his experiments, not even Ron McQueen. Today was different however; he allowed McQueen to assist him in the first step, but made no explanations, nor gave any hints. With precision the two men adjusted complex electrical apparatus, turned up the dynamos to generate power for the transformers. A loud humming grew to a roar, while a huge electronic brain controlled the flow of electricity to the Screen.

A red glow appeared as the rods of the Screen warmed up and became hot. Slowly the Screen changed colors going from red to blue, then ever so slowly, it turned black. Suddenly the eerie blackness closed the gap between the rods, filling the spaces black.

Setting four feet from the wall, the blackness filled the very air behind the Screen until the wall itself disappeared behind the solid curtain of inky blackness. A blackness of illimitable space, so deep it became impenetrable...

Professor Agate gazed in fascination at the Screen, a slight chill ran down his spine, fear gripped at his heart.

Turning a large spotlight onto the Screen, the professor watched the yawning blackness greedily absorb the light. It was fantastic, there was no reflection on the curtain of darkness...

Several days had passed since the Screen had first been used for the initial step into the unknown.

Ron McQueen was enjoying a day off, but Professor Agate was waging another experiment. The Screen was again turned on and only the professor would be a witness to the success or failure of his greatest scheme, perhaps his greatest dream would be a reality.

Gently he tossed a large rubber ball at the blackness of the Screen.

Moments passed, the ball had vanished into the blackness, he tossed a second rubber ball slightly harder, it bounced back almost immediately. "Astounding"! He murmured to no one, "simply astounding".

Picking up a broom he shoved the handle into the inky dark, it disappeared. An idea popped into his mind, and he drew a small table before the Screen and propped the broom against its edge.

Going to the side of the Screen, he peered at the dark, but he could see nothing...

Using sounding equipment he detected no sound; exploding a small length of dynamite in the blackness, there was no flash, no explosive sound; neither would infrared or ultra-violet light penetrate it; geiger counters, alpha ray meters, beta and gamma ray counters detected no radio activity; a bat released into the void never returned.

Could it be possible that he had created nothing? Had found nothing? As a physicist, he knew the law of physics, that no two objects could occupy the same space at the very same time.

Yet in the field of phenomena, he realized there was no chemical change, that it could therefore be explained just as light, heat, or electricity could be explained..

Ron McQueen was nervous, a feeling or presentiment of some impending danger was bothering him, but he couldn't lay his finger on just what it was...

Meanwhile the Professor had reached the most momentous decision of his life. If he was to succeed, he had to turn theory to fact, and he knew of only one way to accomplish this: To test it on a human being. But what man would voluntarily submit to such a test.

McQueen, reading a manual on the use of cybernetics in business, suddenly sat bolt upright. He had forgotten to shut off the reducer on the Screen itself. Actually it would do no real harm, but would cause the useless bleeding of the solar batteries and build up power in the converter. Thus every ounce of energy in the converter would be released to the Screen in one burst of power.

Professor Agate approached the Screen cautiously; he was not a brave man, yet he was no coward either. What lay beyond the inky blackness he wondered; was it an infinity of dark? Could a man enter it with safety and

return? He examined the ball that had returned to the laboratory, it was just the same and showed no damage. The broom handle was not visibly damaged. Yes, in the interests of science, he would be his own guinea pig. If, and it was a big if, there was a fourth dimension, then he would prove it, one way or another.

It was only a short drive from McQueen's apartment to the laboratory. As there was no hurry about it, he took his time in getting there.

Without further ado, Professor Agate stepped into the Screen.

The darkness was complete, a cold clamminess immediately enveloped him, while a nauseating stench overwhelmed him.

The car stopped in the driveway near the entrance to the laboratory, and Ron McQueen without hurrying inserted his key and went in.

Professor Agate was no where in sight, but the Screen was on, the humming was a steady drone. Everything appeared to be in good order. He had noticed the old Professor was inclined to be a little absentminded lately...

Slowly Professor Agate inched his way forward, several times he called out, but no sound issued from his lips. A sickening sweet smell assailed his nostrils, making his head ache.

Suddenly he ran into a wall or something similar to a wall, it was smooth, damp and cold to the touch. The wall had several turning points, he followed them, unable to see, but he had no serious trouble. His mind couldn't help but reel with the idea of awful possibilities open to him. He could become lost in a maze of utterly dark tunnels, or fall in a gaping hole, or any number of dread uncertainties. Then he began to notice a slight, feeble light directly in front of him. As he rounded a turn, his heart hammered madly against his breast bone. No man could believe what he alone saw. His senses reeled from shock, it was completely incomprehensible to the human mind. Terror, horror, evil, and death.

They were all there, in a world of the unknown, a world of death. Quickly he retraced his footsteps, and as he neared the Screen, it suddenly appeared blue. He broke into a run, as his mind realized the power was being shut off. He felt a sudden searing pain, he screamed...

Ron McQueen turned the converter switch, cutting the voltage in half. Then with his back to the Screen, he cut off the master switch.

The scream reverberated from the walls of the laboratory as McQueen spun around facing the Screen...

Professor Agate stood there impaled in the Screen, his body was horribly burned. There is no escape for the living, from the World of Death.

-O-

WHAT PRICE CRIME

via Pendleton Reflector

You, citizen, are paying for my crime. Every day I languish in prison it is costing you from five to six dollars cash, which amounts to roughly \$2,000 a year.

Your community, your schools, your streets, the operation of your government, the taxes on your home, your car, bears the burden of my non-taxable, functionless life of laborless ease.

Your charities are without my donation; your civic projects miss my voice, my intelligence, my concern.

Being in prison is no handicap to me, with you buying my meals, clothing, shelter, while the boy next door--or even your own son--lacks college funds. I'm being educated at your expense.

I've never paid taxes or social security, yet you're giving me the benefits of both. My medical bills are your responsibility, my welfare your obligation. You're giving me socialized medicine; social, economic and psychological security--even an "Old Age Pension" if I want it--all for nothing.

Even with all these gratuitous benefits, though, I still cost you--when you think about me--something far beyond money. I cost you your self-esteem.

Because you're not quite sure I'm an animal, your conscience troubles you with visions of my living in a steel cage. Because, being human, I mirror your needs, understanding, acceptance, warmth, empathy, love, and all the human interrelationships vital to a man's sanity you sometimes wonder if you should stand idly by and see me deprived of these human necessities.

I am a prickly moral burr in your side, citizen. I represent, with all the other underfed, underclothed, downtrodden, derelict castoffs, the backside of your culture and your conscience.

Quite a price, citizen!

RODEO CHAMPS PAY VISIT



by M. Archambeau

Taking time off from their busy schedules, 3 top hands in the rodeo circuit made a tour of the Prison, Monday, July 13.

Guy Weeks, Abilene, Texas; Bill Fedderson, El Reno, Oklahoma; and Leonard McCravey, Memphis, Texas, dropped by to say hello, and to meet the Champ, who gave them a check for \$1 million, to insure that they'd never be out of money. Mrs. Lightfoot, of the Social Service Department, a personal friend of the group, and Business Manager and Chief Accountant of the vast Eitner Enterprises, prevailed upon Pete to draw on his petty cash to provide the visitors with some expense money.

(Note to the RCA: With the million-dollar check and 10¢, or is it 15¢ now, Guy and the boys can by a cup of coffee.)



They had been in Deer Lodge for the 10th Annual Match of Champions, a locally sponsored event. Weeks, high again in this year's Saddle Bronc and All-around standings, took home the bacon in a special calf-roping event, matched against Dean Oliver, World Champion Calf Roper. Feddersen, a vice-president of the Rodeo Cowboys Association, and a darn good bronc stomper, placed high in the finals here, and is a comer in the rodeo world. McCravey, who accompanied the two, besides being an active participant himself, is also doubling in brass as manager for the trio. He has the headaches of arranging dates, confirming entries, lodging, etc.

A thought that has bounced around: Them cowboys just didn't look right without them 10-gallon hats. It was like Churchill without his cigar, or Roy without Trigger.

Mess Hall Chatterings



by Greasy

Not only the inside population of MSP eats at the mess hall now - seems the boys in the bakery are testing the products of their industry on the birds first. If the birds can still fly after eating - we get some. Good idea fellows!

Looks like Bob & Nick have their washers well in hand. They've got the trays shining like mirrors. Trouble is, they spend most of their time admiring themselves in them - Really now.

Talks big about Pat (Curly) Berry and his self-centering white hat. Wears it so tight that he looks bald - is he?

Hear that all the swampers want door mats placed all over so guys can wipe their feet before trampling on the clean floors.

Ed (Fry'em well done) Vukasin can't figure out why all the noise about topless swim suits. Says he: "Us guys have been wearin' 'em for years."

Deadman keeps saying that his name doesn't fit him when he's on the grill - real speedy. (Uncomfortable up there though, isn't it?) Okay boy, we'll agree with you the next time you don't run out of french toast at breakfast.

Don (Baby face) Thompson complaining he's looking old and feeling it too. I hear the guys find it hard to believe he's 23 (which he claims) - They say he looks more like 18 or 19. Better take a rest Don ol' boy.

Mike (Always soup in the pot) O'Rourke wishes he could practice his baseball in the kitchen. Watcha got in mind slugger? Batting meatballs with a spatula?

Bird has a feeling he's going to get rich making purses and selling them to the population. Really now Bird, not many of us have use for them. I'd think you'd make more money by making leather (rope type) ladders.

That's all for this month - see you next month if I don't end up in a soup pot.

GLIMMER OF HOPE PIERCES THE GLOOM

London, July 1 - (AP) The British Government Wednesday told of an unusual club - for wives of men serving prison sentences.

"The severest part of a prison sentence is often that which falls upon the wife, left lonely and unsupported," said Home Sec. Henry Brooke in his annual report.

Brooke said the first of the prisoners' wives clubs is located near London's Wandsworth Jail. It is sponsored by the Center-After-Care Assn. and operated by three women volunteers.

35 wives of jailed men have joined.

If the first club is a success, more will be formed.

Said Douglas Gibson, an official of the association:

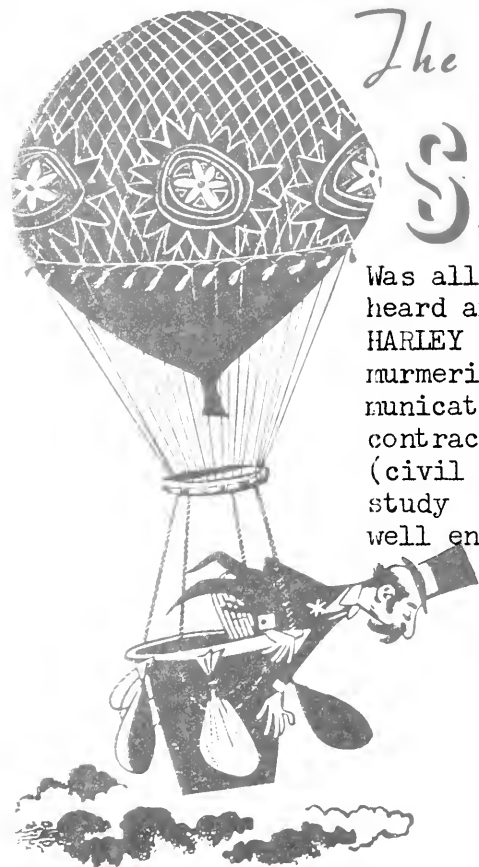
"The women have tea together and discuss common problems. They have all kinds of difficulties to face, such as money troubles, and rearing children.

"At the club they can receive advice on how to deal with their problems, and they're given practical assistance whenever possible.

"Each wife is given the telephone number of three or four people she can turn to in an emergency."

The

SHADOW

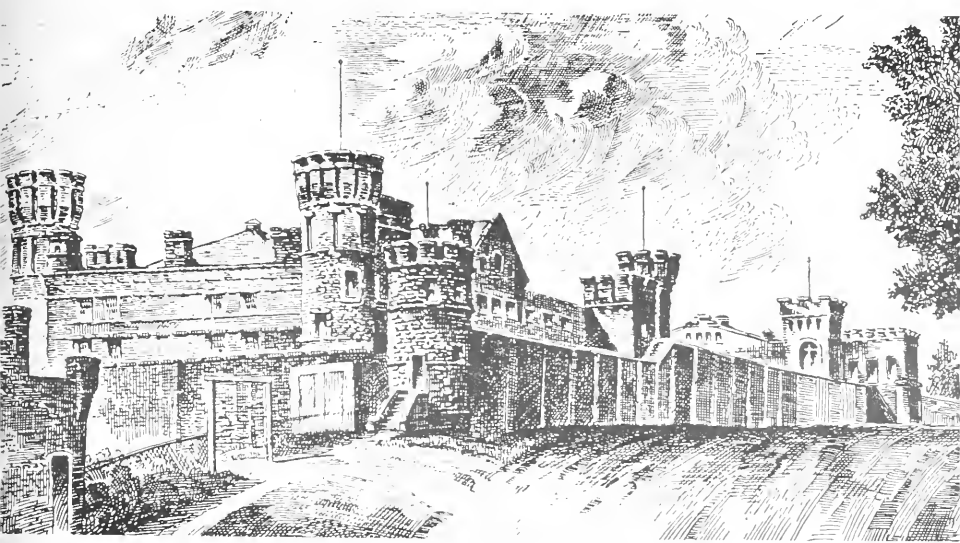


Was all up in the air when he heard and saw the following: HARLEY (five diamonds) LODAHL murmuring "Oh no!" as his communications broke down in recent contract bridge play....Robert (civil rights) GERARD did not study his Gideon decision writ well enough and gave the judge a

few wrong answers... TONY (the talent scout) De ARMOND hacks his way through mountains of spuds. Just like Beatle Bailey TONY says...BOB (keep that damn ball out of the barber shop) NICHOLSON giving handball instructions to all and

sundry...DON (Ben Casey) TOMS operating on file cards... Salvatore (Pancho) VILLAPONDO making derogatory remarks about people who make him paint buildings and then re-roof them...CARROLL (who me worry?) EBELTOFT learns the trials and tribulations of being an editor... LOUIS (the lip) CHARBONNEAU standing under a gallon of paint as it descended from the top of the theater. Now he's wondering how the paint crew got along without his supervision for so long...DON (whats the matter can't you guys make it out there?) DIXSON returns with some of the answers.. RICKY La PIER, KENNY BERNHARDT and GEORGE YELLOWEYES saying something about there not being anybody outside to talk to so we cambe back...HERMAN (the birdman of MSP) CARDINAL takes up a partime job caring for a bunch of pigeons...VERN (mucho scalp) HOFFHINE says, "I'm going to try that "%#&\$&'#__! parole one more time."...Roofing crew busy spreading next years leaks.

Montana Prison Story



by

Joe Lucas

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

References made throughout various places in this article concerning rehabilitative opportunities here at the Montana State Prison are conclusions drawn by the writer and made on the basis of personal observations. They do not necessarily pertain to the recedivist, that species of prisoner who is commonly classified as a repeater. Being one of the latter prompts me to make this observation in passing for the benefit of those who are recedivists and who pull time with the ingrained cynicism and the belief that anyone who passes through these grim portals is completely beyond the pale. In the researching and the writing of this article I have been primarily concerned with two things: the history of Montana State Prison, and the rehabilitative aspects of the first time loser. As a six times loser whose past record was one of the main factors in receiving a recent denial from the Board of Pardons, I make no apologies for stressing the good points the prison has to offer by way of restoring a man to society to function as a useful citizen, for something Pelisson wrote on the wall of his cell in the Bastille around 1661 still stands as truth that the "I" is predominant and that "attitude" governs the herd instinct that seems to be the major flaw in the pathetic makeup of the social misfit called a prisoner. The shibboleth to freedom and complete rehabilitation for the one who desires it boils down to attitude, and the most classic example of attitude this scribe can offer is Pelisson's words on the wall of his cell that gleam like reflections from the mirror of his mind:

Fast closed with double grills
And triple gates—the cell
To wicked souls is hell;
But to a mind that's innocent
'Tis only iron, wood and stone.

Time, unlike the wind, does leave footprints for the tracker to follow and read. Today finds the Deer Lodge prison scarred in many ways, but constantly moving forward with the changing times. Today the accent is on rehabilitation. A unique educational system for the interested prisoner, trades he can learn, speak-up clubs for those who desire self-confidence, and a recently chartered Junior Chamber of Commerce chapter inside the walls that boasts of being the second of its kind in the entire world. Rehabilitation is sometimes an elusive problem, like trying to climb a rope of smoke, but through sheer persistence old and new questions relative to time and man are slowly being answered. Although the fact remains that prison continues to remain a prison, no matter what advancements are made, statistics are bearing out the truth that criminals can be rehabilitated and returned to their proper niche in society to function as useful, law-abiding citizens.

Prisons have emerged from the cocoons of apathy, ignorance, and the archaic philosophy that convicts are human rugs created for the sole purpose of having brutality wipe its feet on them. To arrive at this point has been a tough journey through the years of trial and error. There is no end to this story, but there is a beginning, and it starts like this:

A properly equipped penitentiary was demanded by Governor Benjamin F. Potts. By an act of Congress January 22, 1867, certain moneys from the internal revenues were to be used to erect a Territorial Prison in Montana. There were two kinds of prisoners to contend with; the federal prisoners, who were convicted of violating the laws of legislature, and those who were convicted of violating the laws of the Territory. The U.S. Government and the Territory were each required to pay the expenses of caring for its own convicts. The federal prisoners were being sent under contract to the Nebraska State Penitentiary and the Territorial prisoners were in county jails, mostly in Madison County.

Prior to the prison being located at Deer Lodge, vague reference is made in a tome or two to the effect that some sort of federal prison existed at Virginia City, in Madison County. Letters to various places produced no satisfactory information and a few received no reply at all. Since information is too sketchy and since it is not the purpose of this article to deal with vagaries, the prison at Virginia City is mentioned only in passing.

Deer Lodge was selected as the site for the penitentiary and the construction of a building was commenced, the cornerstone having been laid on June 2, 1870. The building was ready for occupancy in July, 1871.

The Penitentiary was built under authority of the general government in 1870, and received its first prisoner on July 2, 1871. By direction of the Attorney General of the United States the penitentiary was transferred to the control of the authorities of the United States on the first day of August, 1874, and the Territory ceased to control from that date. At the time of the transfer there was made a contract on behalf of the Territory with the Attorney General for the confinement in the penitentiary of all persons convicted of violating the laws of the Territory, and sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, at the rate of one dollar per day for each convict so confined, which contract expired on the first day of August, 1876. The directors and warden were continued in office to audit and certify to the accounts of the United States under this contract, and to manage the labor of convicts. The warden served for a salary of forty dollars per month.

The previous contract named the consideration for feeding, clothing, and medical treatment of prisoners at \$1.26 per prisoner, per day, but this sum was reduced to seventy-five cents, and under Warden Botkin's administration fell to seventy cents, before the seventy-eight cent rate was adopted.

The penitentiary was a large stone building, but not completed according to the original plan. This institution stood on a reservation of twelve acres, four acres of which formed the grounds, within a sixteen foot high fence. The number of cells were twenty-eight, while the number of prisoners tallied over eighty, a fact which called for new buildings. The total num-

ber of prisoners from July, 1871, to February 1, 1883 was 266. In July, 1885, Archie McTague relieved Wilson as deputy Superintendent of the prison. Beaupre, Fish and Walton resigned as guards, and the others were continued, the remaining force then consisting of William Witters, James Brown, R. H. Hereford, James Murphy, J. W. Cleary, Alex Brown, S. M. C. Hughes, C. B. Harris and A. E. Robyns.

The prison at Deer Lodge and the erection of another prison at Billings were started at the same time, but the Billings project was abandoned before completion, although the unfinished portion still stands as a monument for the tourist to view and wonder if the crime rate in the young West was so terrible that two penitentiaries were needed to house its human errors.

Worthy of mention here is the fact that the Deer Lodge Valley citizens had the choice of a college or a prison. This (their choice of a prison) was probably undoubtedly a choice made with an eye on creating employment opportunities, for later these same citizens proved their interests in educational matters by supporting the founding of Trask Hall, in 1878, better known to students and historians as the Montana Collegiate Institute, which was the first of its kind in the Territory.

The first surgeon of the penitentiary was A. H. Mitchell, M.D. Doctor Mitchell was a pioneer physician and surgeon who arrived in the Deer Lodge Valley in 1865. In 1869 he was appointed by the president to construct the Territorial Prison, and was in charge of the work until its completion in 1871. Doctor Mitchell also served several years as physician and surgeon of the prison, resigning this position in December, 1882. He was succeeded by doctors Whitford, Holmes, and Husingbrod, who served successively until 1875. In 1875, doctor Mitchell was re-appointed and held the position until December (?), 1882 when he resigned to take over the construction of what is now known as the Montana State Hospital at Warm Springs.

The new penitentiary was built by the Federal Government in 1869 and 1870, at a cost of \$39,300., with fourteen cells. When Montana became a state in 1889 it took over the operation of the prison, and additions have been made through the years. The number of inmates reached a peak of 721 in 1932, exceeded in 1964 when the figures climbed to 737, and stood at 530 in October, 1955 when there were 360 cells. The earthquake of August 17th - 18th, 1959 destroyed 160 cells and today the inmate population stands well over 700, with 200 cells, plus 200 more at Rothe Hall, the latter being removed from the prison proper with which this article is concerned.

The longest time served by an inmate so far is 47 years, and his number is 6235. He is still here. Over 21,000 new prisoners have been processed to this date, making the perishable commodity known as man a big business.

The system of giving each prisoner a number was started on December 19, 1894. Since that date the numbers have moved into the 21,000 series, which is quite a turnover in human flesh during the short span of seventy years.

The first record of any prisoner which can be located shows that Samuel E. Hughes was received at the Deer Lodge prison July 2, 1871. Hughes' sentence was one year for the crime of Assault With Intent To Kill. The record further reveals that Hughes was pardoned by the Territorial Governor on July 25th of the same year. From time of commitment to the day he received his release, Hughes served a total of 23 days. Brevity, thy name is Pardon!

An excerpt from the HISTORY OF MONTANA (1885) is used to quote from the 'Laws of 1873-76': "The session of the Legislature called April 14, 1873 by Governor Benjamin F. Potts, considered the Congressional Act of January 24, 1873, which transferred the care and custody of the United States Penitentiary at Deer Lodge, to Montana, retaining the legal title to the buildings and ground."

Deer Lodge was a rarity in its time when it became a Territorial Prison in 1873. In certain ways, from a modern penologist's standpoint, the Territorial Prison was ahead of its time with a rehabilitative method that is now in the process of being adopted by many states--this in regards to prisoner employment. Page 809, HISTORY OF MONTANA (1885) has this to say:

THE MONTANA STATE PRISON WAS LOCATED AT DEER LODGE TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, AND IS AN IMPOSING PILE OF BUILDINGS. THE RECORDS SHOW THAT THERE ARE ABOUT 600 PRISONERS, BUT AS THE SYSTEM OF PAROLE AND EMPLOYMENT ON STATE BUILDINGS AND PUBLIC HIGHWAYS IS IN FORCE, AT TIMES MORE THAN A HALF HAVE SPENT VARIOUS PERIODS IN VALUABLE LABOR OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS.

AMONG THE BUILDINGS THUS ERECTED BY PRISON LABOR HAVE BEEN THE OFFICE OF THE PRISON; MEN'S AND WOMEN'S DORMITORIES AT THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE AT WARM SPRINGS, DEER LODGE COUNTY, AND THE DAIRY BARN AND POWER HOUSE, THE STATE TUBERCULOSIS SANITARIUM AT GALEN, SAME COUNTY. AS A VERY SMALL PERCENTAGE OF THOSE PAROLED IS REPORTED AS HAVING VIOLATED THEIR PRIVILEGES, THE SYSTEM (IN VIEW OF ITS FINANCIAL RETURNS) APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN A SUCCESS.

By way of slight contradiction to the documented opinion just related, let us take a look at employment under extremely different conditions, at a time when rehabilitation (an annoyingly repetitious word) was nonexistent.

In 1918 the warden of the Montana State Prison was Frank Conley. He had been the warden of the Territorial Prison, presumably following Colonel W. W. Botkin, before Montana became a state. Conley and Archie McTague built and operated the prison as a private venture, paid by the Montana Territory until 1889 when Montana achieved statehood. (Author's note: Since it has already been established that doctor Mitchell supervised the construction of the prison from its ground-breaking stage until its completion, it is assumed by this scribe that the building by Conley and McTague is in reference to the additions made by them.) Conley remained warden until April 7, 1921. Strangely enough, prisoners have passed Conley's story down through the years, and he is still remembered. Word of mouth aside, however, statistics show that much construction was accomplished by inmate labor during Conley's Administration, both at the prison and at the surrounding institutions. The prisoners also built roads in nearby towns such as Garrison and Nimrod. It is observed in passing that chains and dogs were used on the men working on the roads.

History also implacably states that Warden Conley operated under the delusion that at least 50% of the prisoners were insane. How strongly he believed this is borne out by the fact that during his administration many prisoners received at the prison were eventually transferred to Warm Springs.

The Prison Administration office, Warm Springs Administration, Dairy at the State TB Sanitarium and the Warden's residence were among the buildings erected during the Conley Administration. The prison theater, donated by William A. Clark, Jr., was constructed in 1919 by prison labor. Clark also donated many volumes to the prison library and set up a fund, which is still in existence, for the prison band. Too, ten of the twenty-five dollars each prisoner receives upon release is from the Clark fund.

The woodcut used to make a head for this article is of the early Territorial Prison. The drawing shows a scarcity of buildings, but as time and necessity prevailed, more structures were added. An article dated April, 1896, appearing in the Anaconda Standard provides us with the following information:

INSIDE THE WALLS AT DEER LODGE THE STATE BOARD OF PRISON COMMISSIONERS HAS DECIDED TO BUILD A MAMMOTH THREE-STORY BUILDING. IT WILL STAND JUST SOUTH OF THE BUILDING ERECTED LAST YEAR.

BUILT WITH FREE WORLD LABOR, THE COST WOULD BE \$50,000. BUILT WITH CONVICT LABOR IT WILL COST ONE-FOURTH OF THAT AMOUNT. CONSTRUCTION WILL START IN MAY.

The Anaconda Standard newspaper item just quoted is in reference to what we commonly termed the "Old Wing", which was destroyed during the 1959 earthquake.

Construction of additional buildings continues. In 1953 the 30,000 acre Deer Lodge Farms was purchased by the State as a part of the facilities of the prison. In the March, 1964 issue of the M. P. News, the prison magazine in its "News Impending" page informs its readers that the Board of Institutions, at a recent meeting, discussed the possibility of building an addi-

tional poultry laying unit at Ranch #1, along with the possible duplication of a swine finishing unit. Also under consideration at this writing is the construction of a new Minimum Security Building to house 250 men of Minimum and Medium 2 security status, along with a dairy unit which will supply the necessary dairy products for five other institutions in the Big Sky State. A more recent aim at extending the prison buildings came with the announcement, carried by the Montana Standard, that a new plant for the manufacturing of license plates will be constructed at Rothe Hall.

The first warden of the Territorial Prison was James Gilchrist. Gilchrist was fortunate in having three of the most distinguished Board members to be found in early Montana: Conrad Kohrs, Granville Stuart and John Kinna.

A list of wardens dating back to the prison's territorial days is included with the remark that since no permanent records were kept until the 1900's, the listing prior to reaching the name of warden Frank Conley is the result of hardscrabble research that somehow managed to stretch out into the length of three months. Worthy of mention, too, is the fact that no log or diary was kept at Montana State Prison until 1959. The time lapse between Colonel W. W. Botkin's resignation and re-appointment shows no warden, although there must have been at least an acting one. Only those I have been able to verify have been listed.

James Gilchrist, the first warden, served in this capacity from 1873 to 1878. Replacing Gilchrist as warden was Colonel W. W. Botkin, who sat in the warden's chair from May 15, 1878 until he resigned in June, 1881. The gap created by Botkin's resignation in 1881, until his re-appointment in August, 1882 could well have been filled by the then Deputy Superintendent, a (?) Wilson, but this is mere conjecture. Succeeding Colonel Botkin was Frank Conley, who had the distinction of assuming the office of warden while Montana still was a Territory and remaining as the State's warden until April, 1921, making him the one man to hold this office the longest. M. W. Potter served from April, 1921 to June, 1924. J. W. Cole filled the warden's seat from June, 1924 to March, 1925, relinquishing the reins to A.B. Middleton, who remained in office from March, 1925 to March, 1937. T. R. Gergstrom became the next warden in March, 1937 and continued in this position until March, 1941. Dudley Jones occupied the warden's chair from March, 1941 to December, 1942. John E. Henry took over as warden in December, 1942 and occupied this office until March, 1949. Lou Boedecker replaced Henry in March of 1949 and remained until March of 1953. From March, 1953 until April of 1958 the warden was F. O. Burrell, succeeded from April, 1958 to September, 1958 by William Benson. Floyd E. Powell replaced Benson in September, 1958 and served as Warden until February, 1962. Ed Ellsworth, Jr. succeeded Powell in February, 1962 and at this writing Mr. Ellsworth continues in the position of warden at Montana State Prison.

The story of Montana Prison has no ending. Its history is written in many ways; with ink, with sweat, with brutality, and a few of those pages have been written with blood. There has been good, bad, and even indifference displayed on both sides during the aspirin years of attempting to solve the human equation called a prisoner. The wind leaves no footprints, but time does, and a tour through today's prison finds hopelessness replaced with hope. Man finds a prison not a very sad place, a Latin proverb tells us, when justice sits with him. True it is that prison continues to remain a place of locks, but this is where the grim reminder of lost freedom ends.

Today finds the prisoner encouraged to attend school and rewarded for his initiative by receiving pay and extra good time, further rewarded by being able to receive a bona fide Grade School diploma, a G. E. D. Certificate, or a High School diploma. This unique educational program, besides being encouraged, is also free--all you have to do is earn it.

This scribe cannot adequately stress the importance of the role education plays in the Montana State Prison. If, as Balzac once said, to conquer one's self is the greatest victory, it is equally true that doubt is the beginning of wisdom, and the answer to both is education. Once, perhaps, the average

bowlegged human could stand or fall on his natural abilities. This is no longer possible. Today the open sesame to employment is a diploma and an education. Think not?

Speaking as an individual who has received both his 8th Grade and High School certificate here at the prison, I feel that I have accomplished more than at any time in my life, for being a published versifier, short story writer and novelist constantly reminded me how inadequately equipped was I to pursue this vocation. In this blissful state of ignorance, I have not been alone.

One of the best accountants I ever met is working as a laborer in a factory, simply because he is not a registered C.P.A. This man is intelligent, yet he never completed his 8th Grade. He learned his trade in prison but the prison school was not operating under the accreditation system. This is not an isolated case. Another acquaintance of mine, whose life story I wrote for the "Unshackled" radio series in 1963, and which was broadcast over 215 stations during the month of May of that same year, has preached the gospel throughout the east for many years, yet has repeatedly failed to get ordained into the ministry because he lacks a High School diploma. Ironically, this same man is considered an authority on the Bible, and is in great demand as a pulpit pounder throughout various churches in the East! These are two examples where educational credentials, or the lack thereof, created barriers, but for a clincher I would like to relate another incident where potential had its brief moment, yet died untapped. In 1949 I met an elderly man who was legally uneducated, yet this same man held the patent on a method for simplified mathematics that is still being used in the classrooms to this day. For those curious enough to check this patent out, the registration is made out to John Rush. The irony of it all is that this man spent the remainder of his days employed as a janitor within the walls of a Pennsylvania state prison. According to Gittin, a man can secure knowledge only by sacrifice. Here at Montana State Prison the prisoner has the opportunity to obtain the necessary credentials, for from a rehabilitative standpoint statistics prove that the more education a man has, the less apt he is to return to prison.

In addition to receiving an education, trades can be and are learned, and the Social Services Department works earnestly to help the complex man overcome his complexities. The leg irons and the 'criminals are animals of the lowest order' philosophy is gone, and rehabilitation has taken the place of both. This is good, for when time is served in this fashion society is repaid by seeing a man salvaged from the scrap heap of humanity and restored to them as a useful citizen.

George Bernard Shaw once said, "The first prison I ever saw had inscribed on it: 'Cease to do evil--learn to do well.' But the inscription was on the outside and the prisoners couldn't see it."

In recent years the sign has been removed from its hanging place outside the entrance to Montana State Prison and brought inside. Now displayed prominently within these walls, in various places, the sign can be interpreted in different ways to read: Progress, Education, Trades, Social Services Counselling, Sunday Chapel Services, Alcoholics Anonymous, Gavel Club, Hobbies, Junior Chamber of Commerce and a host of others. Translated into one sentence the postscript beneath these words reads in bold black legend:

REHABILITATION: THIS WAY OUT...TO A BETTER WAY OF LIFE.

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

(Letter of Alexander to Aristotle)



Conley & McTague

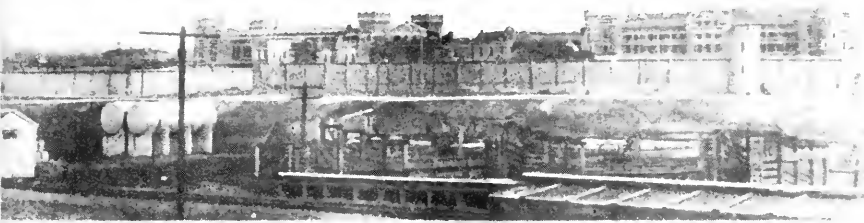
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ROADMAKING, BEAVERHEAD COUNTY



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Vol. I

George Suda, Editor

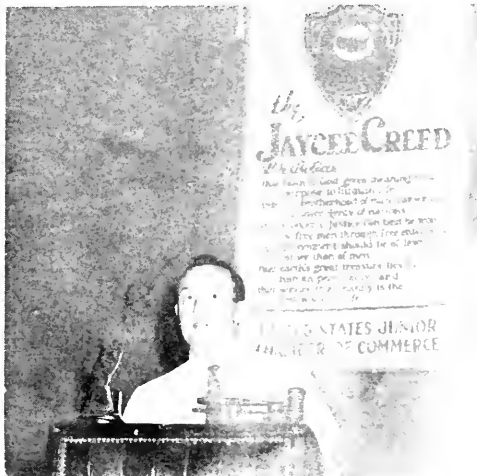
August 1964

No. 8

District #3

July 25th the Deer Lodge Jaycees hosted a local President's Meeting. Activities got under way Friday night with an Executive Board Meeting and a get acquainted period.

Saturday morning the Jaycee Presidents held the first portion of their meeting at the W. A. Clark Theater inside the prison walls. Zoel Snow, President of the M.P. Jaycees, opened the meeting with the recitation of the Jaycee Creed. After welcoming the Local Presidents he introduced the first speaker, State President, Walt Bahr.



Walt welcomed the delegates in attendance and called attention to the schedule. He then introduced Mr. R. L. Dwight Deputy Warden.

Mr. Dwight spoke of the importance of a Jaycee Chapter within the prison and went on to point out that 95 % of the men would sooner or later be returned to society on parole or discharge. He stressed the fact that they would be returning to be your neighbors and that their participation in community affairs should be of interest to everyone. He said he was pleased at the fine job the Jaycees had done in organizing the prison chapter and in the interest they had taken in it.



Lyle Grimes was the next speaker and Lyle held the podium for the remainder of the morning. Lyle spoke of the need for a good leadership training program and then summarized on the course he worked on since the State Convention at Glacier. The course comes in ten parts and is most suited for ten men at a time.



During the session a break was held for coffee and rolls and the insiders and outsiders got together for a half hour bull session. Our own inimitable orator, Paul "Turkey Pete" Eitner, took the podium and thanked all the Jaycees for coming. He then proceeded to expound on all the gold he and the Vatican held, on the great things that were being done in his space program and for everybody to quit robbing his stagecoaches and sinking his ships.

During the meeting the attending wives were taken on a tour of the prison and were entertained by the band.



Saturday noon, Warden Ellsworth Addressed the Jaycees at a luncheon at the Elks Hall. He said he was sold on the Jaycee program inside the prison.



Saturday afternoon there were various committee reports. Committee Chairman were advised to prepare their program for acceptance at the Fall Board.

Saturday night a banquet was held at the Elks Hall. Governor Tim Babcock, Adjutant General Richard Kendall, Secretary of State Frank Murray and Dr. Roland R. Renne were guests of honor.

Governor Babcock spoke of his days as a Jaycee and on the value of Jaycees throughout the state and nation. He said he was amazed at the Prison Charter Night Ceremonies, of the ability and talent the various officers expressed when they made their speeches.



Dr. R.R. Renne said he was pleased to see the State Jaycees establish a chapter in the prison as this showed they were concerned and interested in the social problems in Montana. Both candidates indicated that the Jaycees were tomorrows community, state and national leaders.



Adjutant General Richard Kendall was the key note speaker. He spoke on Civil Defense, the importance of it, and the role that community, and the Jaycees play in it.



Before and after the banquet the Jaycees and their guests had an opportunity to visit with the gubernatorial candidates. One of the highlights was when a picture was taken of Babcock and Renne shaking hands. The photo appeared the next day in several Montana papers.

The President's Convention closed Sunday morning with breakfast and an Executive Board meeting.

Jaycee of the Month



Paul Cor, Jaycee of the month, well deserves the acknowledgement of his services to this chapter.

Paul, one of our charter members, has given much time and energy to the progress of the group. Active in the 2-4-1 work parties he was also to be found on all the parties called to assemble the Local Operations Manual.

As Editor of the Newsletter Paul did a most commendable job. Three articles of his were accepted by the Trailblazer and Future, the national Jaycee publication, accepted another.

As Executive Secretary Paul was probably the only full time Jaycee in the state. Letters ordinarily handled by committee chairman were all handled by Paul. They generally went out letter perfect and as business like as any firm or corporations.

The Power House's gain of an able electrician has been our loss of an excellent officer, editor, secretary and all around good fellow.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge;
fitter for execution than for counsel; and
fitter for new projects than for settled business.

Sir Francis Bacon



Snow Storms

It was a pleasure to have been able to host the Saturday morning portion of the Local President's Meeting.

Walt Bahr, Gil Magilke, Lyle Grimes, Frank Thomas, Jack Hanley and Homer Staves were among those I talked with and they were all quite commendatory on our progress.

At the Saturday morning Executive Board meeting Bill Crepeau was appointed State Publications Chairman and Donald Toms, International Relations Chairman. Bill has since been paroled and George Suda has taken over this job on Publications temporarily.

Interest seems to have perked up a bit since we have begun to meet weekly again. Roger Grifes has been asked to attend one of our meetings and tell us more about the warning meters and signs we are hoping to do for the Keep Montana Green Association. Dick Labbe of the Deer Lodge Jaycees sent us quite a bit of information about our proposed highway signs advertising the prison Kibbly Shop. Mr. Kurzenbaum went to Hamilton for us and looked at the equipment Mr. George Danker of the Ravalli Republican is going to donate to us. If this equipment was to be bought new it would cost somewhere in the area of \$150,000.00. The knowledge that will be gained by the men learning these new trades will be priceless; for who can estimate the value of freedom and job security?

Plans are being completed for our exhibit at the Rehabilitation Convention in Helena in September.. Anyone with any suggestions is asked to see Larry Foss, the project chairman.

The Missoula Jaycees, who were supposed to have been in on the 16th for a slow pitch soft ball game, didn't make it. But on the 17th Jack Lajoie and Dennis Speidel came in with Gil Magilke. They explained the mixup and said another game is proposed for the near future.

COMMITTEE REPORTS:

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT:

Due to the slack summer season, there has been little accomplished on many of the projects, however, in the near future we hope to have Mr. Griffes from Missoula down to help us and give us some information for a project we are planning to undertake to help the KMGa program throughout the State. Another project that we are planning is the erection of Highway signs. These, to help advertise the prison Hobby Shop. We are waiting for word from Mr. Labbe as to cost of materials for the project.

Richard Fandrich, Chmn.

VARIETY SHOW:

The variety show has been temporarily delayed due to circumstances beyond our control. We hope to have it ready for presentation some time in September.

The show will consist of; A short skit, single instrumentals, group instrumentals, single vocals, group vocal and comedy. There will be prizes awarded to the best singer, best instrumentalist, best actor, and the best comedian.

If you have any special talents, and would like to enter the variety show, please contact, Noel Williams, Mike O'Rourke, George Suda, or apply through social service.

Noel Williams, Chmn.

CLEAR WATER:

We are starting a new project called the Clear Water Project and it will run in conjunction with our Conservation and Keep Montana Green Projects. We are now arranging to get speakers to talk to us on these subjects and it should be quite interesting to find out all we can about them.

Perhaps we can arrange for a movie to give us a good understanding of; how, and where clear water is processed for use in the community. Gary Moore, chairman of the President's water pollution committee, will be contacted for more information.

Arnold Braun, Chmn.



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